

BERNACLE PULPIT.

IMAGE ON THE ART OF FORGETTING.

To Remember Is Well, but the Power to Forget Is the Greatest Gift to the Human Race—"Their Sins and Their Iniquities Will I Remember No More."

BROOKLYN, N. Y., June 5, 1892.—The enormous audience which thronged the Tabernacle this morning had fresh evidence of Dr. Talmage's originality. The value of a retentive memory every one knew by experience and had heard extolled from their school days up, but they learned from Dr. Talmage's sermon that the art of forgetting is worth cultivating, and that there is the highest possible example for its exercise. His text was Heb. 8:12: "Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more."

The national flower of the Egyptians is the heliotrope, of the Assyrians is the water lily, of the Hindus is the marigold, of the Chinese is the chrysanthemum. We have no national flower, but there is hardly any flower more suggestive to many of us than the "forget-me-not." We all like to be remembered, and one of our misfortunes is that there are so many things we cannot remember. Mnemonics, or the art of assisting memory, is an important art. It was first suggested by Simonides of Cos five hundred years before Christ. Persons who had but little power to recall events, or put facts and names and dates in proper perspective, have, through this art, had their memory reinforced to an almost incredible extent. A good memory is an invaluable possession. By all means, cultivate it. I had an aged friend, who detained all night at a miserable depot in waiting for a railroad train fast in the snow banks, entertained a group of some ten or fifteen clergymen, likewise detained on their way home from a meeting of Presbytery, by, first, with a piece of chalk, drawing out on the black and sooty walls of the depot, the characters of Walter Scott's "Marmion," and then reciting from memory the whole of that poem of some eighty pages in fine print. My old friend through great age lost his memory, and when I asked him if the story of the railroad depot was true, he said: "I do not remember now, but it was just like me." "Let me see," said he to me, "have I ever seen you before?" "Yes," I said, "you were my guest last night and I was with you an hour ago." What an awful contrast in that man between the greatest memory I ever knew and no memory at all.

But right along with this art of recollection, which I cannot too highly eulogize, is one quite as important and yet I never heard it applauded. I mean the art of forgetting. There is a splendid faculty in that direction that we all need to cultivate. We might, through that process, be ten times happier and more useful than we now are. We have been told that forgetfulness is a weakness and ought to be avoided by all possible means. So far from a weakness, my text ascribes it to God. It is the very top of Omnipotence that God is able to obliterate a part of his own memory. If we repent of sin and rightly seek the divine forgiveness, the record of the misbehavior is not only crossed off the books, but God actually lets it pass out of memory. "Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more." To remember no more is to forget, and you cannot make anything else out of it. God's power of forgetting is so great that if two men appeal to him, and the one man, after a life all right, gets the sins of his heart pardoned, and the other man, after a life of abomination, gets pardoned, God remembers no more against one than against the other. The entire past of both the moralist, with his imperfections, and the profligate, with his debaucheries, is as much obliterated in the one case as in the other. Forgotten, forever and forever. "Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more."

Many years ago a family, consisting of a husband and wife and little son of two years, lived far out in a Western prairie. The husband took a few cattle to market. Before he started his little child asked him to buy for her a doll, and he promised. He could, after the sale of the cattle, purchase household necessities, but he would not forget the doll he had promised. In the village to which he went he sold the cattle and obtained the groceries for his little son. He started home along the dismal road at nightfall. As he went along on horseback, a thunderstorm broke, and in the heaviest part of the storm, he heard a cry. Robbers had been known to come down that road, and he knew that this herdman was carrying with him, the price of the cattle. The herdman first thought of his own safety, but when he heard the cry of his little son, he became more keen and he dismounted and he ran to the darkness and all in the darkness of a hollow that he saw the road where the robbers were, and for that he was saved. He found a sound of the hammering of a second sound; the fear of the hammering was a third sound; the weeping of friends and a fourth sound; the

wrapped it up as well as he could and mounted his horse and resumed his journey home. Coming in sight of his cabin, he saw it all lighted up, and supposed his wife had kindled all these lights so as to guide her husband through the darkness. But, no. The house was full of excitement and the neighbors were gathered and stood around the wife of the house, who was insensible as from some great calamity. On inquiry the returned husband found that the little child of that cabin was gone. She had wandered out to meet her father and get the present he had promised, and the child was lost. Then the father unrolled from the blanket the child he had found in the fields, and, lo! it was his own child and the lost one of the prairie home, and the cabin quaked with the shout over the lost one found. How suggestive of the fact that once we were lost in the open fields, or among the mountain crags, God's wandering children, and he found us, dying in the tempest, and wrapped us in the mantle of his love and fetched us home, gladness and congratulation bidding us welcome. The fact is that the world does not know God, or they would all flock to him. Through their own blindness, or the fault of some rough preaching that has got abroad in the centuries, many men and women have an idea that God is a tyrant, and oppressor, an autocrat, a Nana Sahib, an Omnipotent Herod Antipat. It is a libel against the Almighty; it is a slander against the heavens; it is a defamation of the infinities. I counted in my bible 304 times the word "mercy," single or compounded with other words. I counted in my bible 473 times the word "love," single or compounded with other words. Then, I got tired counting. Perhaps you might count more, being better at figures. But the Hebrew and the Greek and the English languages have been taxed till they cannot pay any more tribute to the love and mercy and kindness and grace and charity and tenderness and friendship and benevolence and sympathy and bounteousness and fatherliness and motherliness and patience and pardon of our God. There are certain names so magnetic that their pronunciation thrills all who hear it. Such is the name of the Italian soldier and liberator, Garibaldi. Marching with his troops, he met a shepherd who was in great distress because he had lost a lamb. Garibaldi said to his troops: "Let us help this poor shepherd find his lamb." And so, with lanterns and torches, they explored the mountains, but did not find the lamb, and after an unsuccessful search late at night they went to their encampment. The next morning Garibaldi was found asleep far on into the day, and they awakened him for some purpose and found that he had not given up the search when the soldiers did, but had kept on still further into the night and had found it, and he pulled down the blankets from his couch and there lay the lamb, which Garibaldi ordered immediately taken to its owner. So the commander of the hosts of heaven turned aside from his glorious and victorious march through the centuries of heaven, and said: "I will go and recover that lost world, and that race of whom Adam was the progenitor, and let all who will accompany me." And through the night they came, but I do not see that the angelic escort came any further than the clouds, but their most illustrious leader came all the way down, and by the time his errand is done our little world, our wandering and lost world, our world fleecy with the light, will be found in the bosom of the Great Shepherd, and, then, all heaven will take up the cantata and sing, "The lost sheep found." So I set open the wide gate of my text, inviting you all to come into the mercy and pardon of God; yea, still further, into the ruins of the place where once was kept the knowledge of your iniquities. The place has been torn down and the records destroyed, and you will find the ruins more dilapidated and broken and prostrate than the ruins of Melrose or Kenilworth, for from these last ruins you can pick up some fragment of a sculptured stone or you can see the curve of some broken arch, but after your repentance and your forgiveness, you cannot find in all the memory of God a fragment of all your pardoned sins so large as a needle's point. "Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more." And none of that will surprise you if you will climb to the top of a bluff back of Jerusalem (it took us only five or ten minutes to climb it), and see what went on when the plateau of limestone was shaken by a paroxysm that set the rocks, which had been upright aslant, and on the trembling crosspieces of the split lumber hung the quivering form of him whose life was thrust out by metallic points of cruelty that sickened the noonday sun till it faded and fell back on the black lounge of the Judean midnight.

Six different kinds of sounds were heard on that night which was intersected into the daylight of Christ's assassination; the neighing of the war-horses, for some of the soldiers were in the saddle, was one sound; the bang of the hammers was a second sound; the fear of the hammers was a third sound; the weeping of friends and a fourth sound; the

plash of blood on the rocks was a fifth sound; the groan of the expiring Lord was a sixth sound. And they all mingled into one sadness. Over a place in Russia where wolves were pursuing a load of travelers, and to save them a servant sprang from the sled into the mouths of the wild beasts, and was devoured, and thereby the other lives were saved, are inscribed the words, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend." Many a surgeon in our own time has in tracheotomy with his own lips drawn from the windpipe of a diphtheritic patient that which cured the patient and slew the surgeon, and all have honored the self-sacrifice. But all other scenes of sacrifice pale before the illustrious martyr of all time and all eternity. After that agonizing spectacle in behalf of our fallen race nothing about the sin-forgetting God is too stupendous for my faith, and I accept the promise, and will you not all accept it? "Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more."

OUR ST. LOUIS LETTER.

Gossip About Secretary Elkins—The Autumnal Festivities Planned for—Beautiful Results Promised—Summer Evening Pleasures, Etc.

Stephen B. Elkins, the Secretary of War, is a Missourian and has many warm personal friends in St. Louis. For this reason everybody believes he is in earnest when he says that before he goes out of the cabinet he will get enough money appropriated to make Jefferson barracks one of the largest and handsomest military posts in the United States. More than a quarter of a million dollars will be spent on the post if the plans for the improvement are carried out, and considerably over a million dollars will be added to the volume of business in the city. Real estate men, too, say that the new post will make property values rapidly increase in the southern part of town, which lies adjacent to the reservation.

Very few people, even artists, know that when Robert Brinckman, the sculptor, modeled that statue of Grant on Twelfth street he had posing for him Paul Cornoyer, the young American painter who has recently achieved distinction in Paris. The booted legs of Gen. Grant are Cornoyer's legs, and the field glass in the hero's hand was modeled from the glass taken from Gen. John S. Marmaduke when a prisoner by Councilman Nelson Cole of this city. These little things were brought out the other night by a conversation between two gentlemen who were having a taste of the glories of the fall entertainment to be set before us by the committees in charge of the festivities. It was at a private exhibition of a miniature St. Louis, lighted as it will be in the fall. Chairman John C. Wilkinson, whose committee manages the illumination, will make the Grant statue and the statue of Liberty, which face each other on Twelfth street, the central figures of a splendid Columbian tableau. A third statue will be put up between Liberty and the Union depot, and the three will be linked together and flanked by many-colored electrical devices. The whole six blocks between the site of the new City hall and Washington avenue will be a brilliant promenade overhung by pictures in light, half historical and partly allegorical. The suggestion of Columbus and his time will be preserved, too, in the illuminations on the down-town streets.

The warm weather is leading to the annual revival of a very popular city custom. Only St. Louis people know how to sit gracefully on their front steps summer afternoons. The girls bring out cushions, as soon as supper is done, while it is yet light, and pose on the steps, with books in their hands. The men follow, the older with cigars, and the younger with banjo or mandolin, and unless a walk to an opera garden or a fountain where there is ice cream soda interferes, there they sit all the evening. Neighbors come over to see each other, and plans for picnics and excursions are laid. Take a walk just now along Pine, Washington, Locust—any of the streets lined with homes, out in the western part of the city, and you will see the groups and hear the tinkle of the music, the chatter and laughter now and then rising above it. Many a St. Louis family, lured away from home by the summer resort fashion, men and women stifled in small hotel rooms, look back with longing to the cool evenings on their front steps, and hasten their return. Boston is the only other city in the country where this fashion obtains of making the front steps the reception room on summer evenings. In New York it is held to be bad form.

With their front steps, and an occasional day on the river or at one of the neighboring resorts, St. Louis folk who do not want to enrich seaside or mountain hotel men will get along very well this summer. There are twelve summering places within two hours' ride of the city, by rail and boat. All of these places make money four months in the year. Then there are the innumerable suburban spots which are high and cool, all of them reached by fast street car lines. In consequence of these surroundings, the city loses but a small part of its population during the summer, and even in the dog-days there is no exodus of the business men such as one sees in the large eastern cities.

Transcribed by Mrs. J. M. Jones. The sale of her home to satisfy a mortgage so preyed on the mind of Mrs. William Fisher of Aten, Camden county, N. J., that she became violently insane.

A prayer, in its simplest definition is merely a wish turned heavenward. A life of full and constant employment is the only safe and happy one.

ILLEGIBLE PRESCRIPTIONS.

Why So Many Physicians Are Such Very Poor Penmen.]

"Why do physicians write their prescriptions so illegibly?" a druggist was asked the other day.

"Give it up," he answered. "Affectation, I guess. Think of a man writing such a thing as a prescription carelessly! Why, human lives depend on it, and yet—come back here; I'll show you some samples."

Prescriptions written by a number of popular physicians were shown. An inexperienced eye could unravel nothing intelligible from the documents, and the druggist's questioner, himself no mean decipherer of bad writing, wondered how the storekeeper had been enabled to translate things.

"There is no reason for such writing," continued the druggist. "Nine tenths of it is carelessness or affectation. We have to watch these prescriptions constantly as to quantity of certain ingredients in order to see if we have deciphered the prescription properly, or if the doctor has made a mistake. I have detected several errors on the part of physicians."

"Of course, I didn't send the prescription back and thus lose the doctor's trade. I simply used my own judgment, based on experience, in regulating the quantity. Any of the clerks in this store know more about drugs and chemicals than a good many of these doctors."

"To those in the business it is a wonder how few serious mistakes are made. Why, do you know, rather than take any risk we refused to put up the prescriptions of a largely patronized physician, and all because his handwriting was so illegible. It was abominable. The only part we could read was the letter-head."

"A certain druggist, who is now dead, had a brother who is yet practicing as a 'medic' with an office over the store. The brother was considered an excellent physician, and had an extensive practice that took him to all parts of the city. His prescriptions were presented at many drug stores, but not one of them could be deciphered. There was only one place in town where they could be translated—at the brother's drug store—and they always landed there. It was a great scheme. Since the druggist's death the physician's hand-writing has greatly improved."

A CURIOUS PARADOX.

Why a Pound of Feathers Is Heavier Than a Pound of Lead.

Which is the heavier, a pound of feathers or a pound of lead? This was a favorite question with "school committee men" of the olden time, and the first rash answer used almost always to be, "A pound of lead." Then, from the older pupils, would come the reply, "Both alike." If this question were asked to-day our old-time querist might receive a decided surprise, for the pound of feathers could easily be proved to be the heavier. A simple experiment is all the evidence needed, declares the Youth's Companion.

With any accurate scales weigh out a pound of lead, using ordinary shot for convenience. Pour the shot into one of the pans of a balance.

For the feathers a light muslin bag will be needed, and care must be taken that feathers and bag together do not weigh more than a pound. When the bag of feathers is put into the other part of the balance the beam will, after a few oscillations come to rest exactly level.

So far the verdict "Both alike" seems to be proved. But place the balance upon the receiver of an air pump, with lead and feathers undisturbed. Cover the whole with the glass bell jar and exhaust the air. Slowly the feathers sink and the lead "kicks the beam." The pound of feathers is heavier than the pound of lead.

The truth is that what we called a "pound" was not such in fact. For the atmosphere buoys up everything within it in proportion to the bulk of the object, and the feathers, being of greater bulk than the lead, are supported by the air to a considerably greater extent than the lead. Removed from this supporting medium, their true weight is made evident.

"What Next?"

Mistress (to new housemaid fresh from the country)—Now, see. Mary this is the way to light the gas. You turn this little tap, so, and then apply the match, so. You understand?

"Yes, ma'am; quite ma'am."

Mistress (next morning)—Why, what a horrible smell of gas! Where can it come from? We shall all be suffocated.

New Housemaid (with much pride)—Please, ma'am, what shall I do next? I've made all the beds, and dusted the room and turned on all the gasses ready for the night, and—

—Boston Globe.

Telescope and Spectroscope.

Swartz in attempting a description of both the telescope and spectroscope said: "The former enables us to measure the invisible by making it visible; with the latter we measure the invisible without making it visible."

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